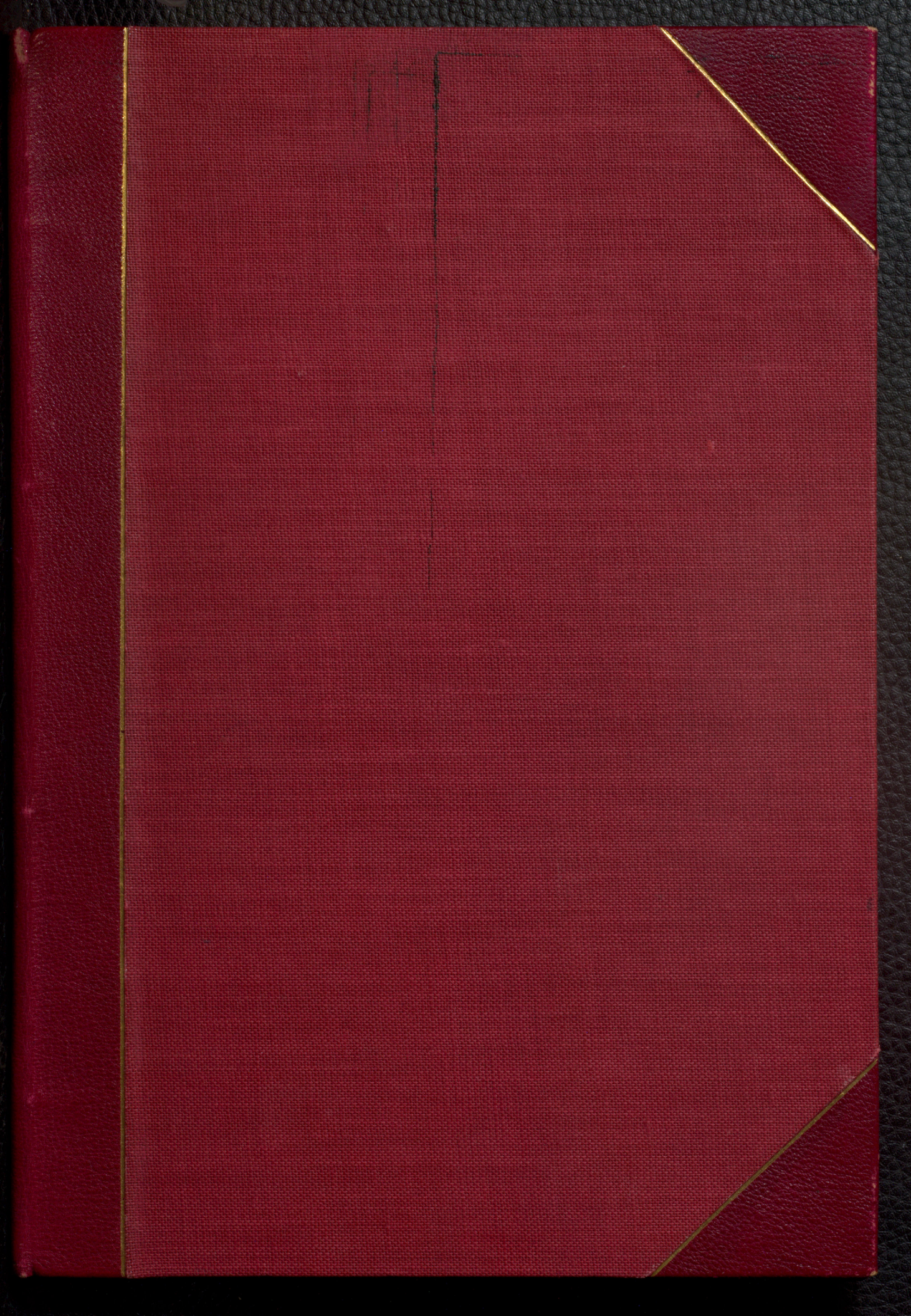




(10)

Osler 17 W.G. 6

(1819-92)

7660. 'Walt Whitman. An anniversary address with personal reminiscences.'

In preparation in 1919, but not delivered or published. Inserted: photo. of Maurice Bucke (see no. 4611).

7660

FROM
THE LIBRARY
OF
SIR WILLIAM OSLER, BART.
OXFORD

For W.O. on W.W.'s alleged "anomaly" see
Wm White's "Walt Whitman & Osler: 3 unpublished
letters" [of Osler] in J. Hist. med. 11: 348-9, 1956.

"Walt Whitman said, when Dr. Osler attended
him years ago, 'Osler believes in the gospel of
encouragement — of putting the best construction
on things — the best foot forward. He's a fine
fellow and a wise one, I guess.'" Christopher
Monley, "Modern Essays", N.Y., Harcourt, 1921, p. 128
(introd. to 'The Student Life' by W.O.).



Picture of St. Brelades Bay, Jersey.

The house in the lower rt. corner (or a similar one, similarly perched on this bluff, but nearer this bay?) was the one occupied by the Osborns in Aug. 1919, when W.O. was romping on the beach and working on this MS.

W.W.F. 1938.

Memo: Dr. Edmon. Seaborn
of Lond., Ont., married
Rucker's daughter.

Material for
"Walt Whitman⁴⁵, An Anniversary Address
with Personal Reminiscences"
[under preparation summer of 1919. The Address
was not delivered or published.]



Maurice Bucke.

He met me then not long before his
death W. B. O'Brien



POST CARD

Printed in Great Britain



This space may be used for Communication
25-ix-1921.

The Address to be written here

Valentine's Series

So glad to hear the good news - nobody had told me of it! This will recall pleasant memories. The sun and scenery as fine as ever. I'll almost every pm. and at times game quite decent. What a place to eat lobster in! - but have done just a wee bit of work. Aunt Grace as kind & as well as ever. Today I've been choosing one of Archie's paintings for myself. We expect to reach Expt. Sat. night - then to work! Love to Billa A.M.

To Dr. W. W. Francis
5, Chemin des Tulipiers
Geneva
Switzerland

Insert in
the Whitman
Vol. #7660

Picture of St. Brelades Bay, Jersey.

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4 Lond., Ont., name of
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Material for
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with Personal Reminiscences"
[under preparation summer of 1919. The Address
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Maurice Bucke.

He met me then not long before his
death W. B. Oakes



Feb. 1948.

I gave Dr. Josiah C. Trent of Durham
permission to quote the two passages marked

T on leaves 5 & 7-8. W.C. Trent
[I believe he intended to say
that he intended to say]

5

[Insert over leaf.]

about
over leaf]

Not long after my ^{removing} arrival To Philadelphia a telegram came from my friend Dr Maurice Buckle, of London, Ont. "Please see Walt - and let me know how he is"; - to which I had to answer "who is Walt - & where does he live"? It was very stupid, ^{of me as I should have} and before Dr Buckles reply came - I had remembered that a few years before when Dr Buckle had been a student after one of our club dinners in Montreal it seems he had been the guest he had startled us with doubts of his sanity - by the extravagant praise of one Walt Whitman, ^{at a new} ~~new~~ ^{as} ~~ear~~ of a new era, whom he classed with our Saviour, Buddha & Mahomet.

Then I remembered ^{too} to have seen notice of a book ^{he had written about} Whitman by Dr Buckle. But I had no idea where the prophet lived. The next morning I took the answer "Walter Whitman, 328 Middle Street, Camden". In the afternoon I crossed the Delaware river ferry & soon found in a "clean, quiet democratic street" I found the little old fashioned two story frame house; no. 328. A pleasant, middle aged woman answered the door, to whom I showed Dr Buckle's telegram. "He will be glad to see you," says she from Dr Buckle - "Walt Whitman is better today than ever." The door opened into what appeared to be a bedroom before the school Oxford, to Sir Walter Raleigh class in English literature.

91
X Chapter 29, bk. IV, *Edith* Daniel Beronda has the following as motto "Surely whenever speaks to me in the right voice him or her I shall follow, as the waters follow the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe. There were the happy days when the moths of the great-Englishwoman, came out in fads; and those were days when men were really young & unpressurable. Beneath the leaves were leaves of glass. Walt Whitman. The line struck like a burn. ~~The name the~~ ~~note to book~~ & the author vanished so that so completely that

X. Cushing prints this on p. 666 of vol. II of the Life. The reference, which I could not find for him in 1924, is apt to be by Wm. White, *Opt. of English*, U. of S. Calif., L.A., p. VI. 38, as "Daniel Beronda", ch. 29, bk. IV.

L. W. F.

Parts of the rest are printed in vol. I of the Life, pp. 464-6.

✓ a room, but I had no little difficulty at first in getting my bearings. I have seen what the tidy housewife calls a 'clutter', but nothing to compare with the front room, ground floor of no. 32 & Middle street, at the ~~far~~ corner, near the window the head & upper part of ~~the chest~~ a man were visible - Everywhere else, covering the floor, the chairs & the table were to use his own description "Heaps of books manuscripts, memoranda, scissors, proof-sheets, pamphlets, newspapers, old & new magazines, mysterious looking literary bundles tied up with stout - strings" (1) The magazines & newspapers were piled higher than the desk, covered the floor so completely that I had to kick my way by the two sides of the wall of the room to get to the desk. After a hearty greeting, I had some difficulty in explaining that I did not come directly from Dr Buckle, but that he had sent me over from Philadelphia to find out how he was. There was nothing serious the matter - a transient indisposition which had passed away.

(Dr his 65th year) Walt Whitman was a fine figure for a man who had aged beautifully, or more properly speaking majestically. Tall & large frame & well shaped, well poised head, covered with a profusion of snow-white hair, which mingled in the cheeks with a heavy long beard & moustache. The eye brows were thick & shaggy & the man seemed to look in a hostile conspiracy. The grey eyes had a kindly sympathetic ^{look} appearance; the skin was fresh & clear, wrinkled only on the forehead. The nose was large & straight; the mouth was hidden by the moustache. Though high-pitched the voice was

1) The Critic 28.11.85. Walt Whitman at Home by George Schuyler - i.e. Walt Whitman

91

St. Louis 1

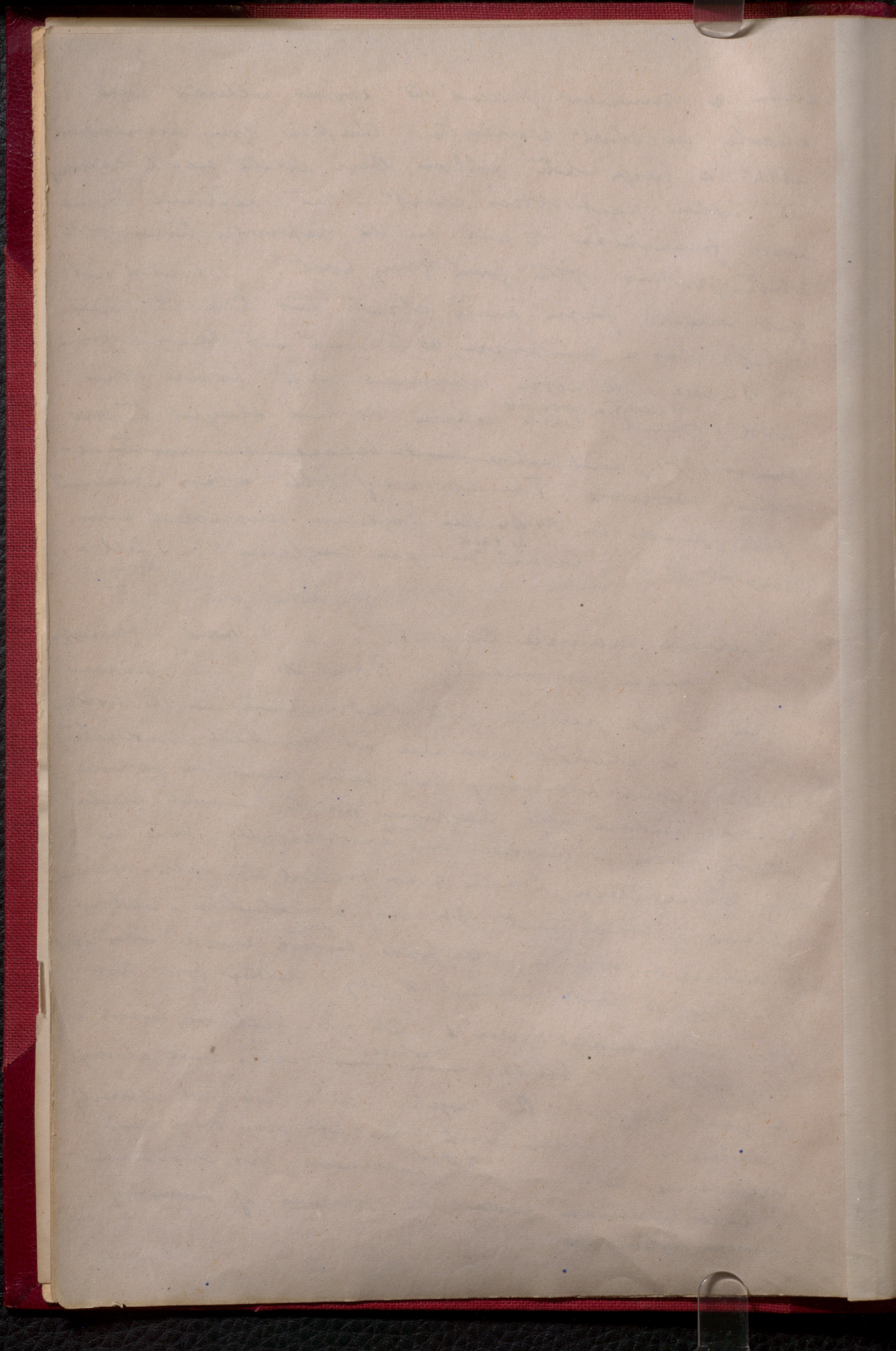
Pr. 1

Temple's drink. room in Tarter resort - (h. 14/10)

clean & muscular, and the words uttered with slowly in short-sentences. Clad in grey homespun with a large white collar open at the neck, exposing the upper part of his chest - the picture is one now familiar to all in the reproductions of the photographs of the good grey poet. I could not get much from him about his health. My visit was a surprise, as he had not heard from Dr Buckle. He soon warmed into praise of his good friend ^{& devoted disciple} with whom he had stayed ⁱⁿ a few years 1881, and who had become his most devoted disciple. The absence of bolts & bars & restraint full kind in Dr Buckle's Asylum impressed him deeply. "It is a home," ^{he said} "not an Asylum"!! I felt -

1837-1902

- 81 (1) Richard Maurice Buckle () ^{had} a remarkable ^{methodical} ^{Suffolk} ^{England} personality. Born at ^{methodical} ^{Suffolk} ^{England} after a life period full of adventure in the western states he studied medicine at Montreal, graduating in 1864. After practicing for a few years he became Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, London, Ontario. Here he carried out ^{more} successfully than in any institution I have ever visited the non-restraint method of treatment. It was a revelation - indeed a unique experience - to pass through ward after ward from block to block without a key. Neither bolt nor bar, nor padded room! At Mac Gill we were very fond of Dr Buckle, and ^{where} his visits were always a great delight. At night, with me pot-abstrusely plained in another earth his life was one of great helpfulness & I am sure ^{of good} happiness. His attachment to Walt Whitman lacked the bounds of ordinary human intercourse.



a bit embarrassed, as professional advice seemed superfluous, and our points of contact were few and easily exhausted. I left with the ^{pleasant} impression of having seen a splendid old man, and a room the ^{ground} disorder of which made my own felt me with "envy. My visit was made without any of that preparation - that expectation, upon which ^{which} Fidem Harvey devells so easily, as influencing so profoundly our feelings. I knew nothing of Walt Whitman & had never read a line of his poems - a ^{foreign} visitor at ^{Seattle} ~~Eden~~! How different the impression on the initiated! Dr John Thurston, of Bolton, ^{who} visited Whitman in 1890 speaks² of "the irresistible magnetism of his sweet-aromatic presence, which seemed to exude sanity, purity & naturalness, and exercised over me an attraction which positively astonished me, producing an exhilaration of mind and soul which no man's presence ever did before. I felt that I was here face to face with the ^{living} embodiment of all that was good, noble & lovable in humanity". (over)

That evening, ^{after} dinner at the club, I ^{opened} ~~opened~~ the volume of "Leaves of Grass" for the first time. Whether the meat was too strong, or the ^{style of} ~~way~~ ^{cooking} it was cooked, - I was not for my ^{palate} ~~palate~~, accustomed to Plato, ^{Shakespeare} & Shelly & Keats. This has been a common experience, even Dr Buckle acknowledged that "for many months I could see absolutely nothing in the book", and would even "throw it down in a sort of rage" (p. 175) Whitman himself has (over)

1) Fidem Harvey

2) Notes of a Visit to Walt Whitman. Bolton 1890. p. 6. (privately printed)

11 101
Buckle. (Walt Whitman. p. 49) speaks of the "46 montary
physical attractiveness of the man", and tells (p. 50) of
a ~~man~~ person (who had never seen the poet before, but who
has been profoundly influenced by his work) whose
mental exaltation lasted for six weeks!

✓
2 Expressed this feeling better than any one else.
speaking of his "strange voice", and acknowledging that
critics & lovers of poetry may well be cured by "chilly &
impleasant shudders which will assuredly run through
them, to their very blood & bone" when they first read him
and exclaim "If this is poetry, where must its fire-
goes stand?" (11)

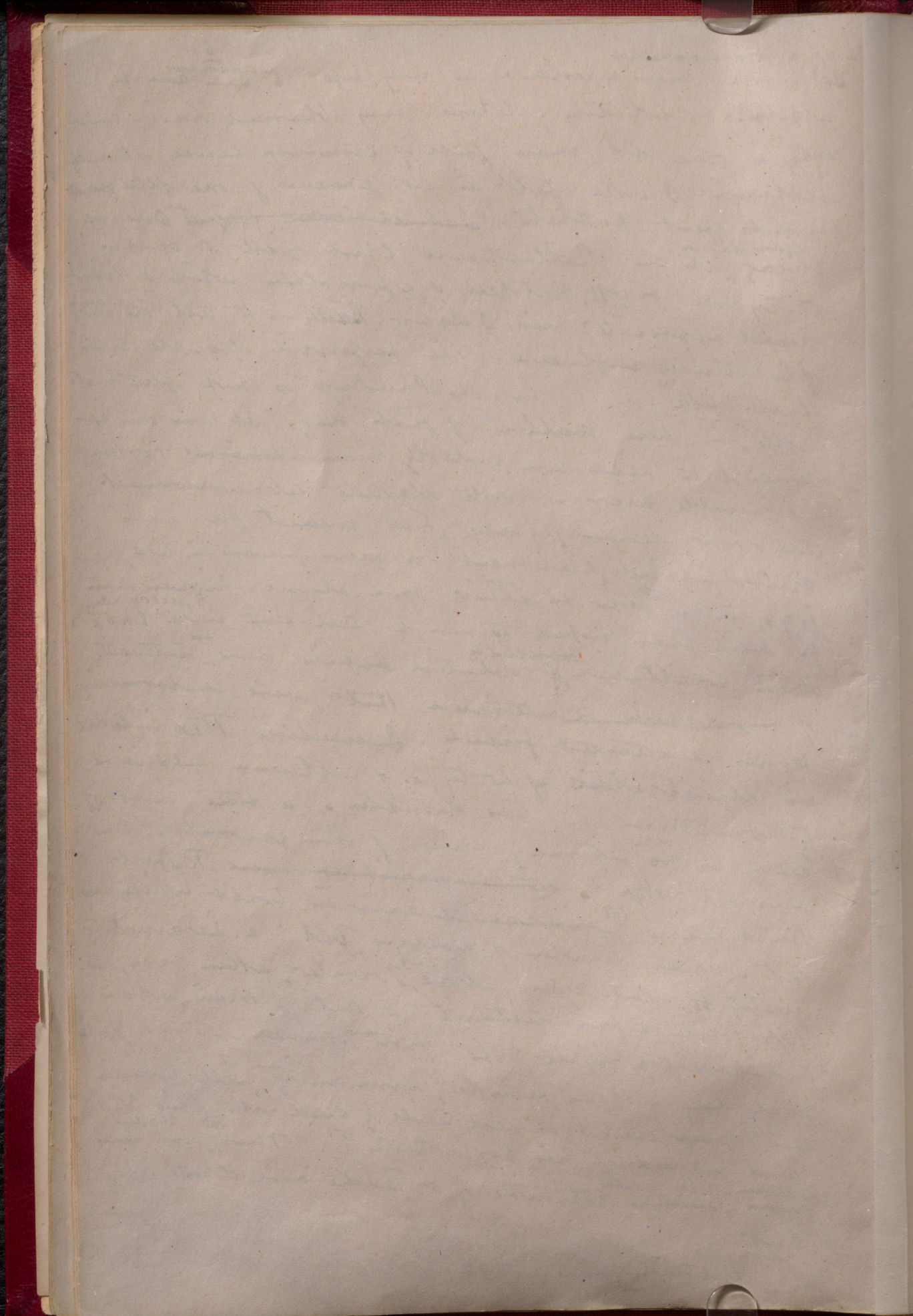
after a few days I paid a second visit. ~~By then~~
~~he~~ He had heard from Dr Buckle who had also
written asking me to look after his old friend
in case of illness. There was really nothing to do
personally. In 1873 he had paralysis of the
left side, the details of which, with interesting inci-
dents of the illness are given in his "Letters to his
Mother" ¹ and in "The Diary of an Invalid" ². Though
he recovered and used the left arm and hand
freely the leg of that side remained a little weak,
but he did not drag it like an old paralytic. After
a careful examination he seemed pleased that
I was able to tell him the machine was in
fairly good condition considering the length of
time it has been in the road. Some months
afterwards Dr Buckle came to Philadelphia, and
it was an extraordinary pleasure to see the two
men together, and their evident delight in each
others company. Whitman felt that no one
understood him so completely as Buckle, though
he did not always agree with him as an in-
terpreter. ~~Buckle~~ At this time ^{in his 52nd year} ^{and} ¹⁸⁸⁸
with long hair & beard turning white, ^{clad in a} grey suit &
^{an evident} sombrero Buckle was a copy of the poet, & the
two together, strolling in the street attracted much
attention. He was a bit too solicitous about Whitman's
health, and my attitude of optimism evidently
pleased the older man who nearly
had very sound views on the subject. His
habits were ^{was} much abstemious, and the man's ailments
were ^{of} these incidents to his age. At this
time of the two men Buckle interested me the most.
more

'Apology'
wt Phaedrus

Bl. A. R. P. A.'s
suggestion.

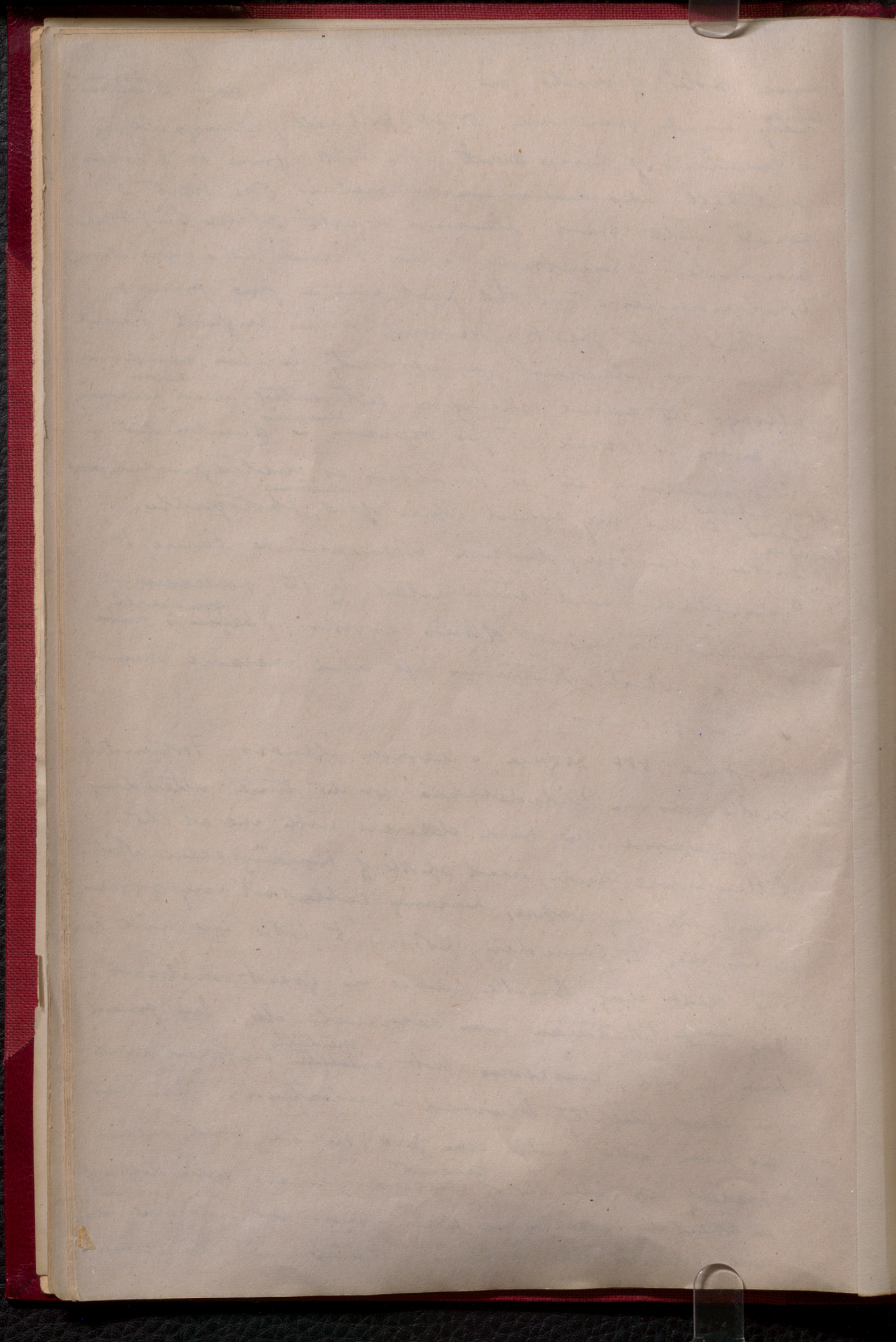
Chaerephon

6
Though a hero-worshipper
It was a new experience in my life to ^{be witness} such
absolute idolatry. Where my blundered vision saw
only a fine old man, full of common sense, & kindly
feelings Buckle felt in the presence of one of the ^{great}
world's great prophets. I shall never forget one eve-
ning ^{after dinner} at the Rottenhouse Club with Dr. Chapin
to Tyron, Dr. H. Mitchell & a few others with whom I knew
would appreciate him. I drew Buckle in to tell the story
of Whittman's influence. The perfect disciple, who
lately like I in the Phaedrus is not often met
with in these ^{warmer} ~~warmer~~ of fast days. It was an ex-
perience to hear an elderly man - ^{himself} looking
a venerable age - with absolute abandonment
tell how "Leaves of Grass" had meant for him
spiritual enlightenment, a new power in life, new
joy, in a new existence on a plane higher than
he had ever hoped to reach. All this with ^{unaccompanied} ~~the~~
physical ^{stature} ~~of~~ ^{of} debilitated pupils and ^{an} intensity
of expression & utterance that were embarrassing
to his imitated friend. I mention this incident
in illustration of the type of influence exercised
by Whittman on his disciples - a true cult of
such as no literary man of our generation has
been the object of, the ~~worshipper~~ ^{too} were Robert
Buchanan ^{too} ~~expressed~~ ^{expressed} I saw in both Whittman
not a mere maker of poems, but "a personality
willing to rank even above, ^{that} ~~above~~, at times even, tho-
ugh lower & far distant to that of him who is
considered & rightly, the first of men. & in
some day not so remote - humanity will wonder
that men could dwell side by side with this ^{CR} ~~CR~~
and not realize his proportions". This ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{gradly}
the ^{the} ~~the~~ attitude of Dr. Buckle and others of the
cult.



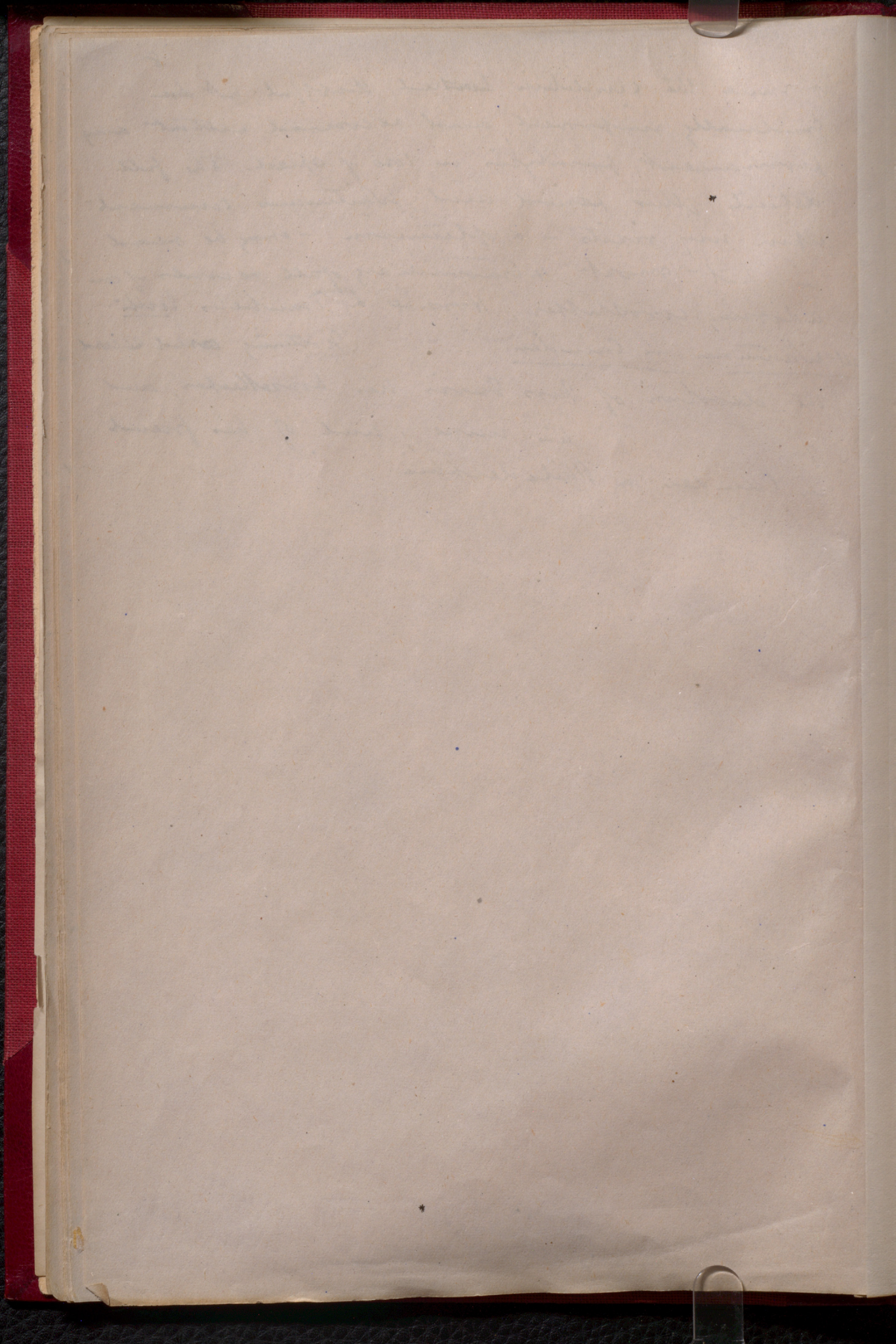
I have notes of visits in and I ^{some-} occas-
^{times} went over with Dr J.K. Mitchell, always taking
 a greeting of some ~~kind~~ or a book from Dr & Miss
 Mitchell. who had a warm feeling. One visit I
 recall with great pleasure - with Dr (now Sir) Donald
 Macalister of Cambridge & two friends who were devoted
 Whitmanites. The old host was in fine form &
 talked with great freedom of his English friend.
 There was pleasant uniformity in his reception -
 always the same, cheery & interested, and ^{never} seeming
 to say he bored. This occasion ^{remains} accentuated in
 my memory as to travellers so distinguished and
 I felt compelled ^{Whitman} to give my signed copies of the photographs.
 Buckle absorbing devotion wherever he came to
 Philadelphia, and stimulated by the possession of
 presentation copies of his works; I ^{gradually} began to ~~come~~
 realize what Whitman's life and message meant
 to his followers.

In June 1888 began a serious illness. Fortunately
 Buckle was in Philadelphia at the time attending
 a conference. He had dined with me at the
 Rittenhouse Club, and spoke of having seen Whit-
 man the day before, having called at my room
 on his way to Camden, hoping to take me with him
 the next day. Buckle came in great distress to-
 day that Whitman was seriously ill. We found
 him in bed, conscious but ^{mentally} ~~and little~~ confused with-
 the speech slightly blurred & indistinct. There was
 no fever & the pulse was good. He had had me or
 possibly two attacks of ^{transient} unconsciousness with difficulty
 in speaking such as we know now are not uncommon
 with sclerosis of the arteries of the brain. For a week



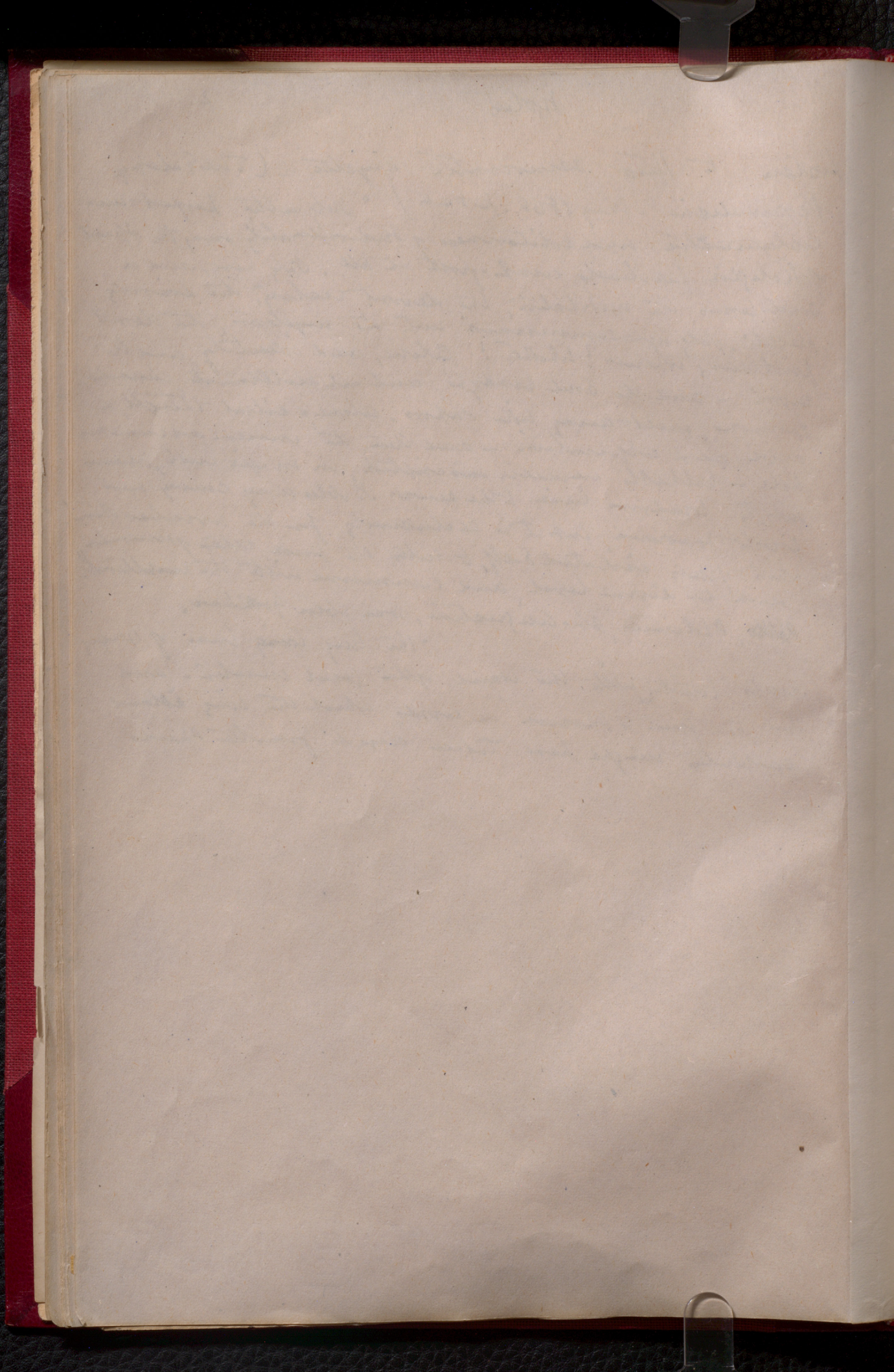
or more the condition ~~lasted~~ doubtful, but ~~he~~
 gradually improved, and recovered without any
 permanent paralysis or loss of speech. The full
 details of this period and Whitman's comment-
 upon my visits - & optimism - may be read
 in that most extraordinary of all records of an
 adoring worshipper, Horace & Trumbull's Letter
Walt Whitman in Camden.

Nothing could exceed
 the devotion of Mrs Davis his housekeeper, and
 of his nurse; and of his friends
 in Camden & Philadelphia



listen to this democratic mystic: (Theology.
 Personalism - May 1868. p 544) "Only in the perfect-un-
 circumstantial and solitariness of individuality may the Spirit
 of Religion positively come forth at all. Only here, and in
 such terms, the meditation, the devout ecstasy, the soaring
 flight. Only here communion with the mystic, the hermit
 problems, whence? Whither! Alone, and identity, and the
 mood - and the soul evokes, and all statements, churches,
 sermons, melt away like vapors. Alone & silent thought, &
 awe and aspiration - and then the inner consciousness
 like a hitherto unseen inscription, in magic will, beams
 out its luminous lines to the seer. No bliss may convey and
 fresh-repound, but it is exclusively for the wordless open-
 ness of one isolated self, to enter the pure ether generation,
 reach the divine level, and commune with the unutterable
 Gods, Platon, St. Augustine, Haeften Gorkham.

the long long line of longing
 souls touching with the wand of the great master - and
 then to find expression in words which the long island
 carver might have taken direct from the Pharaohs



I am afraid Whitman's greatness is in no way
demonstrated more clearly than in his ability to survive
the megalomaniac exaggerations of cult. Table for
example these passages from "in ne Walt-Whitman" - (Chapman
& v. 1) "Whitman had breadth and port: His 'Leaves'
foliaged the heavens ----- his very voice perturbed
the sway of elemental integrity and candor -----
----- Whitman speaks in it as would heaven,
making inattentible announcements, oracular of the mys-
teries and forces that pervade and guide all life, all death,
all purpose".

Elizabeth Browning lives in Euripides

"and his touches of things common
Tell they rose to touch the spheres"

The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon
The faculty of "rhyming, & rapping"

"The daring lips of fire smiled
The welcome which they could not utter"

Tantrums "Glorious to mark in the heart! for there is the
Master of things"

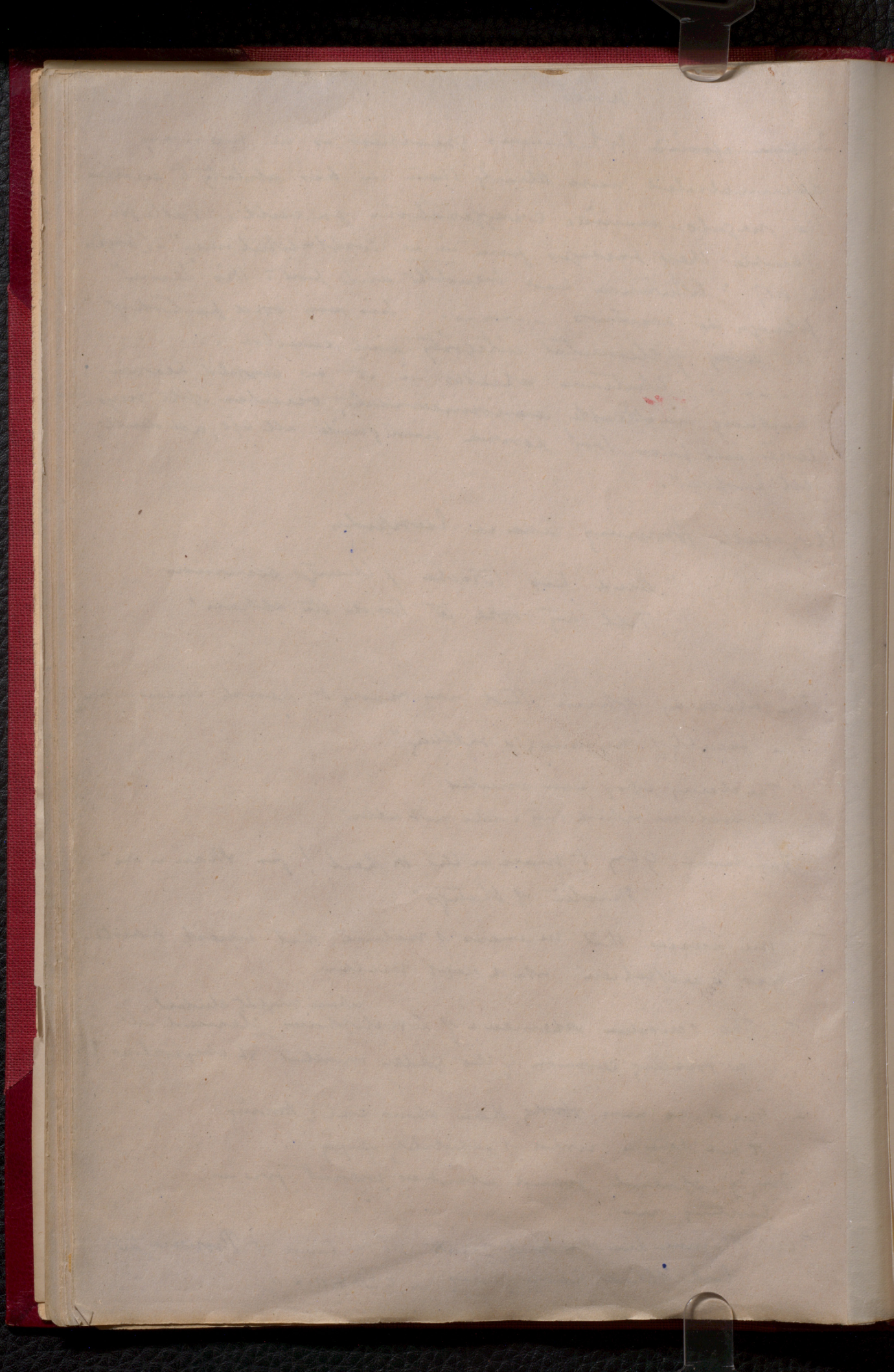
- the muses that measure of nature, that honest haun-
tress & self-reliance who kept mellow

- The ^{when mightily studied} ~~scandalous~~ sternness of Aristophanes ^{cleaned up}
a rousing sermon by the golden mouth of Hypocritus?

- There is no more glory than there is in (Browning
that there is a world of capability of joy

For it spread round about as ^{meant} for us
singing us.

- see Plummer does the Dark Remits The fund of Promise, the
back of the Evergreen p. CLXXII = II



(From the correspondence in Dr. Cushing's papers, # 8303, folder dated 1919 July-September).

Copy of letter W. H. Saunders, Esq.,
Hon. Sec., City Temple Literary Society,
The City Temple, E.C. 4

13, Norham Gardens,
Oxford.
July 14, 1919.

Dear Sir,

Yes, November 6 will suit, and the title will be -

"A Centenary Address: Walt Whitman, with personal Reminiscences".

Sorry you have not a lantern.

Sincerely yours,

WM. OSLER

Sep. 23 1919]

J. W. Wallace, Esq., Chorley.

... I was preparing a centenary lecture on Walt Whitman with my personal reminiscences to be given here in the school of English literature, but I have now to postpone it until next year. I wrote asking Johnston whether he thought W. W. had ever got into touch with the leaders and the thinkers of English democracy. You will have heard of course of the death of Horace Traubel ... it was not always easy to see how much was Whitman and how much was Traubel. As Weir Mitchell remarked about his first book, it is less a "biography than the autobiography of the biographer".

Walt
Whitman
Lecture

Anderton,
near Chorley,
Lancs.
6 Oct. '19

Sir William Osler, Bt.,
13, Norham Gardens,
Oxford.

Dear Sir,

Your letter of the 1st inst. came to hand yesterday, & I take the first opportunity to reply. I will enclose Dr. Johnston's address on the card you sent.

It is my fault that your letter to him of Aug^t 5th has not been replied to before now, and I send you my very contrite apologies. When Dr. J. received it he was acting as "locum tenens" for a friend in Bolton, and he sent the letter on to me with a request to answer it, as being better acquainted than

transmitted to you on the 11th inst. with my
kind regards to you and the family.

Yours truly,
Wm. O. Smith

Wm. O. Smith

Sincerely yours,

Wm. O. Smith

Wm. O. Smith

Wm. O. Smith

Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

Wm. O. Smith

The City Temple, F.C. &
Hon. Sec., City Temple University Society,
Copy of letter to H. H. Smith, Esq.

1818 July 26th

that you, your name is standing first, but, that
a table and the other things, a table - and of course
and those are not standing first, but of course
and that is the first, but, and that is the first
and that is the first, but, and that is the first

standing first, but, and that is the first

standing first, but, and that is the first
standing first, but, and that is the first
standing first, but, and that is the first

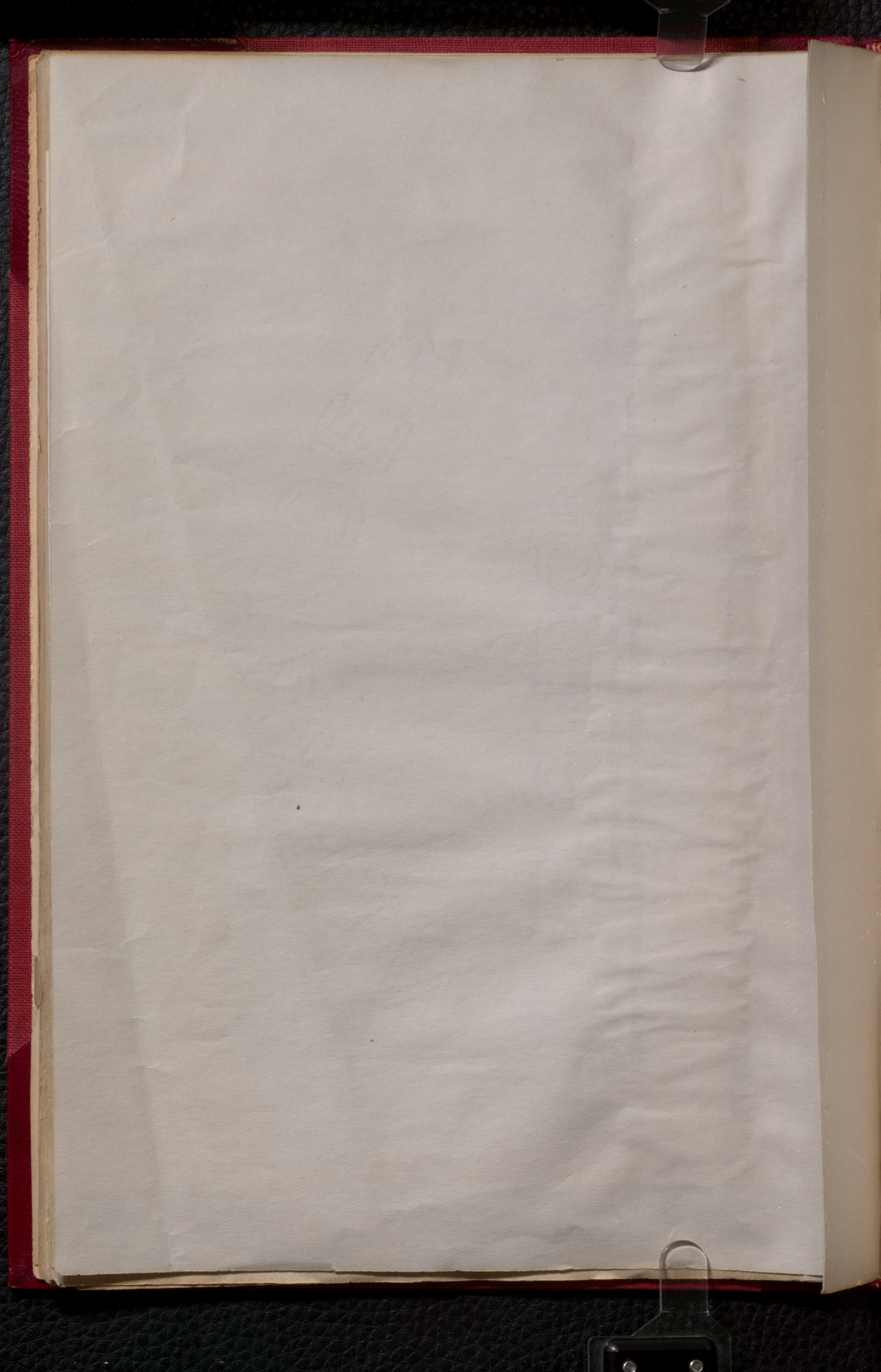
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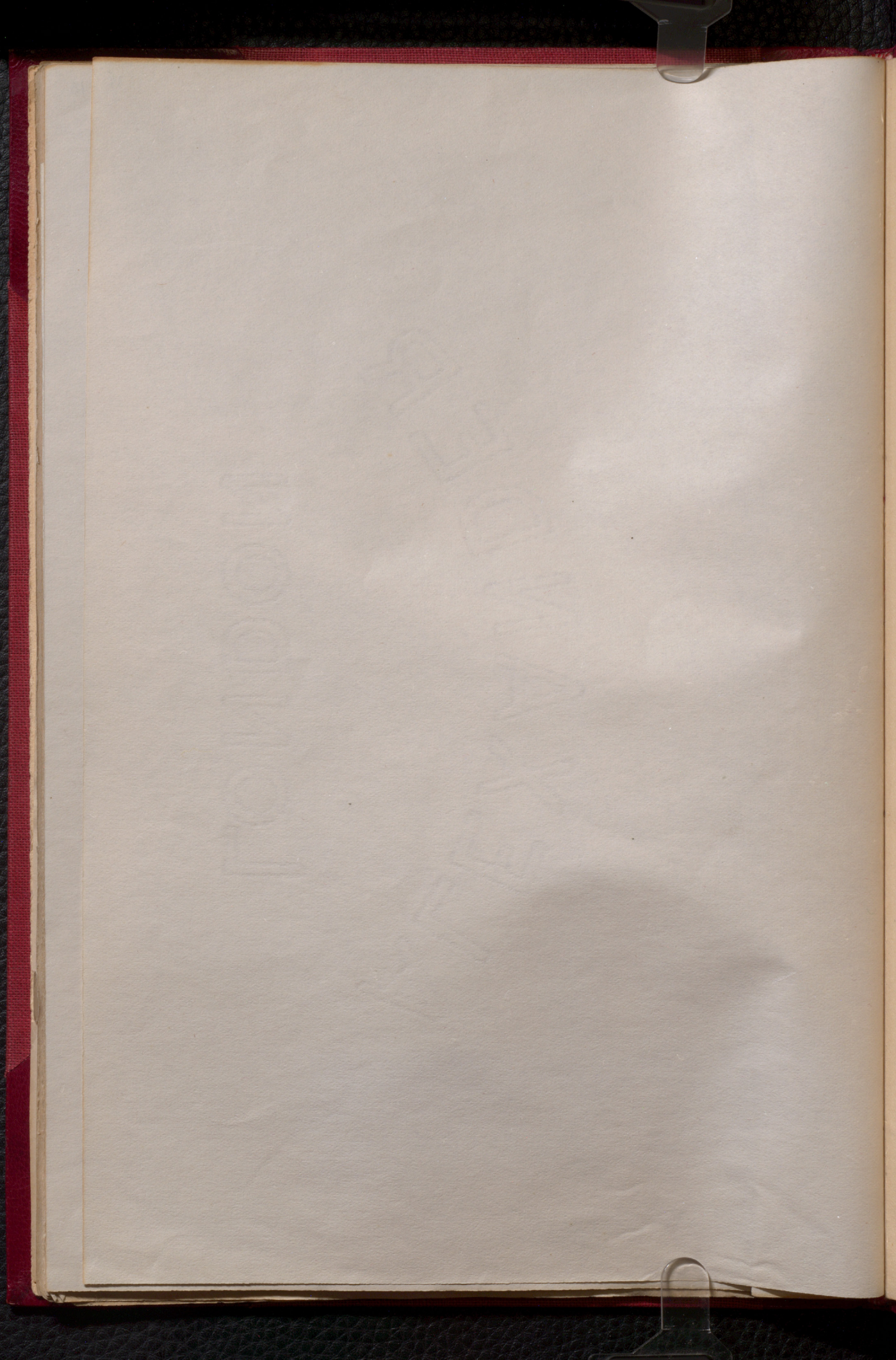
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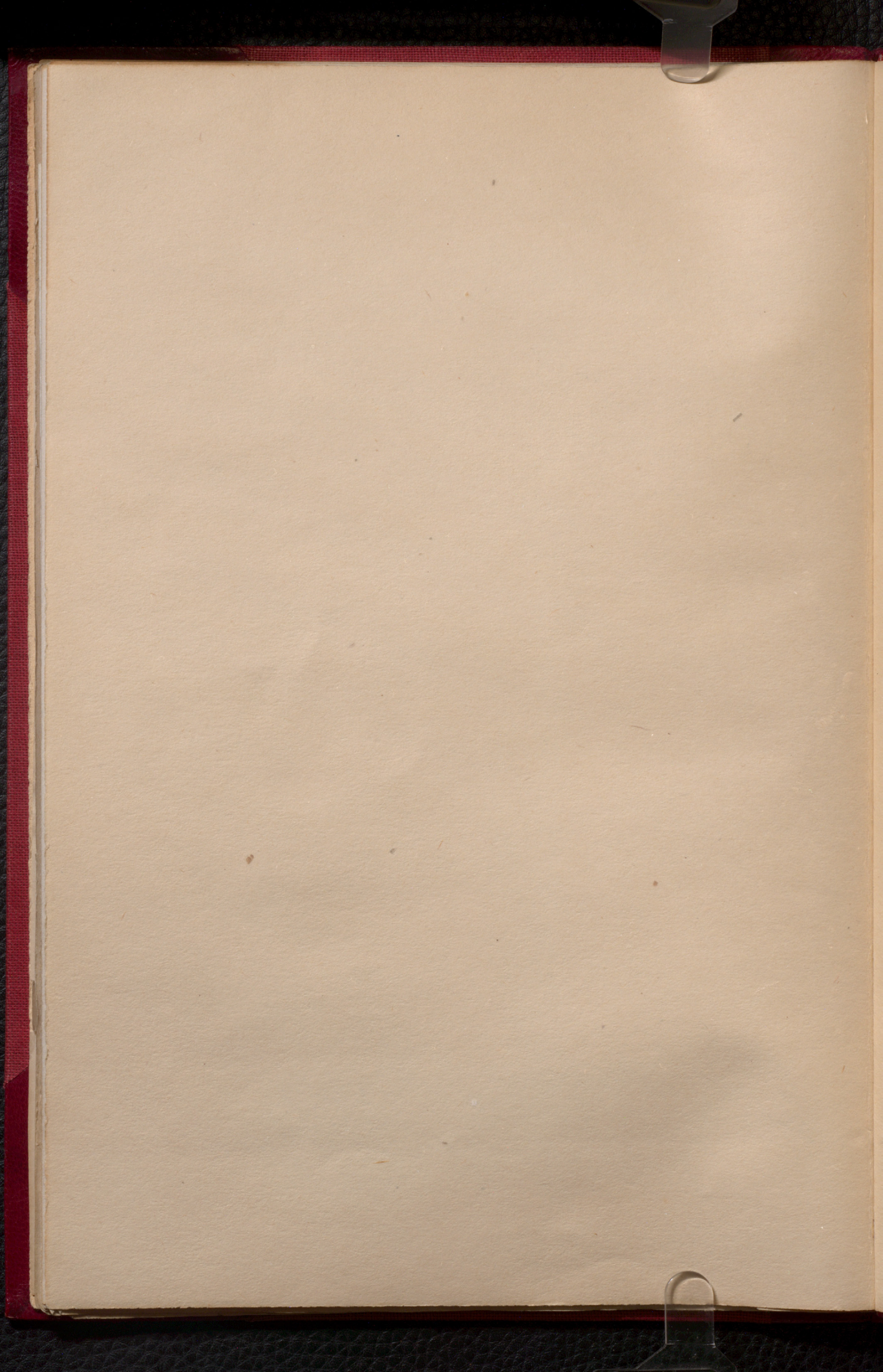
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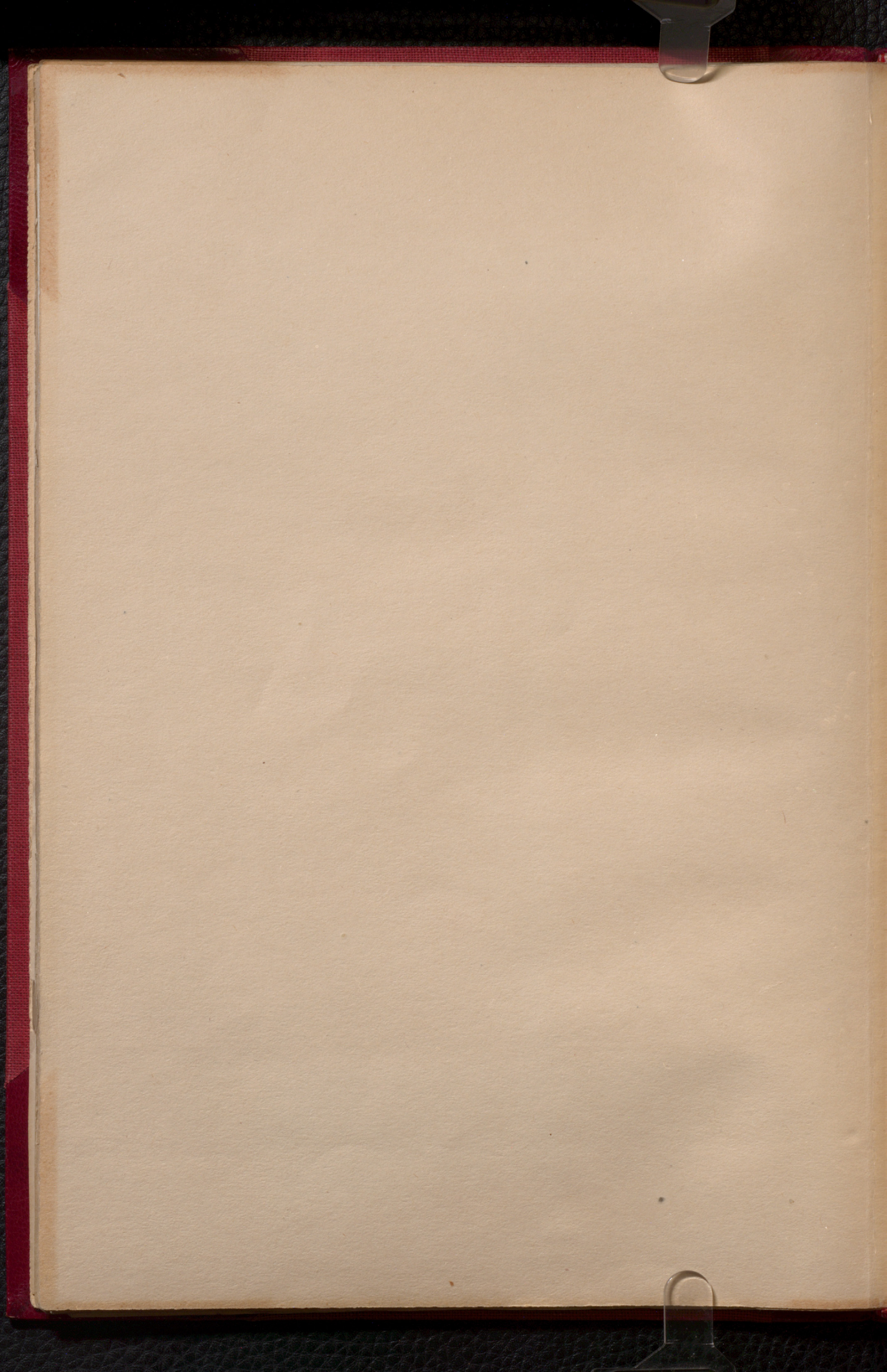
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standing first, but, and that is the first







16 (alt.)



type com

dark green, to white.

at W. a. Orl. 4. VII. 52

OSLER

Niche 3

B.O. 7660

#252332733

